Oh how damned! I'd been hoping
for London. Unreasonably.

Yes, I shall be free all
Tuesday: come as early as
you can.

I am so unhappy.

Will the people be
there be an awful bore?
Shall you have it? Does
Harold? You won't
so for long will you?

Ever
Virginia

Tuesday Wednesday

Oh curse, curse - Head has been
slightly bothering & being a
molly coddle I think I won't
dine out tomorrow (I have
to be out tonight) But
I shall be here, in the basement,
all the morning, & from
3.30 onwards. & have put off
Lytton & Oliver, to come anytime.
And then you'll go & dine with
someone else. - I shall be
furious. Well, it can't be
helped.

Come, I say, & let us
light the gas & talk.

If you can't come, wd. you ring up.
If you can, don't bother - I shall
expect you.

Monks House
Rodmell

Sunday.

My dear Vita,

For a famous novelist, I don't think you show much acumen in dealing with the awful situation of Friday.

I may state Calijon-cally in your own alphabetical System that

(a) neither of the Wolves suspected you for a moment of working to put them off

(b.) far from being officious, they thought the offer the natural instinct of generous heart which

(c) they would certainly have accepted if

(1) it had been a fine day

(2) or Mr. Woolf had been unable to do by train

In conclusion I'm afraid you must think (1) me an appalling valetudinarian, (2) Leonard an awful fuss. But the truth is that (3)

headaches can be the devil, so that (4) Mr Woolf
gets alarmed, bows his head, accepts offers, (5) Mrs Woolf
wakes up better, (6) he repents of dragging Vita out,
(7) she rings up (8) Wolves incline to train, (9)
Vita obstinate but (10) succumbs — & there you are.
As to Going home, I can't be sure which day.
So come to Tavistock instead (Thursday or Wednesday) & (11) don't put me off
& (12) many thanks from us both &
(13) much affect affection from Virginia
Woolf who thinks (14) Mrs Nicolson
one of the nicest women she (15) has
ever met.

Do you think this style is
clearer than the other? I'm not sure.
Anyhow I cannot write a legible word, to night,
& am ever so much better.

Yr V.W.

NYPL
HAMILL & BARKER 2/3/62

Monday.

I think the 4th weekend (Saturday 4th) would be best. L. says he would go to his brother then, & in view of the other circumstances I think she would be freer, wiser, fitter meerer, probably more flatteringly melancholy, they than now. Also, one has it to look forward to.

Oh dear— Desmond & Ben Howe are coming so we shall only meet at the party. I suppose. And then you mustn't talk to me. You'll be whirled off by Christie, Tom & Lytton by Raymond. But perhaps one word in a corner will be thrown to me.

Did you have a bite of food at last?

I hope so. Was it nice? Yes sweet. Did the insect lay an egg? Virginia

Thursday

52 Tavistock Sqre.

U- thinks me - but I may be wrong - that
you may be up tomorrow, Dining with Dahl,
Dining with Clive, God knows.

But IF you would like to see me -
I say IF, Can be in, alone, tomorrow
(which is Friday I think) tea, or tea,
or after tea. Only in that case ring me
up before 10, or I shall be in the basement.

U- would be heavenly delicious to
see you: but I hardly expect it.
I'm frightfully excited: I will
tell you why. Just back: Punkie
has messed copiously in the hall.
I hope lunch was good at the
Metrohole on Tuesday.
I had such a brilliant & agitating
tea party in
Brighton
on Tuesday.